# For My Future Wife

M.Z Ahmed

A Collection Of Poems

A collection of romantic poems about a future wife, about the beloved. For the one they call love.

# For My Future Wife

By M.Z. Ahmed.

A letter to my future wife.
Creating a moment.

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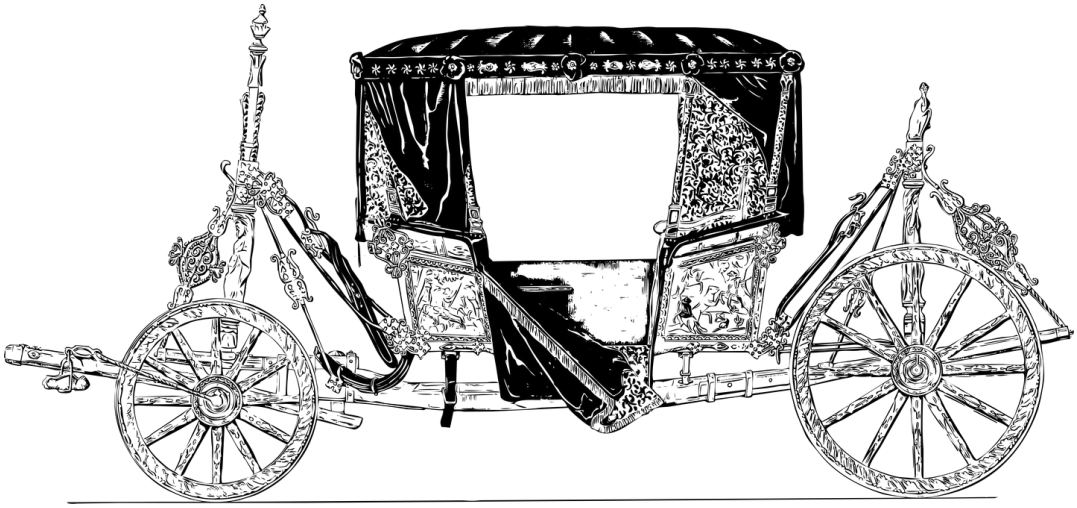
February 14, 2026
Published in Pakistan

They say love is blind, so am I
They say love is suffering, so am I
They say love is beautiful, so am I
They say love is madness, so am I

- M.Z. Ahmed

# Table of Contents


1. Love At First Sight ..... 10
2. About My Future Wife ..... 11
3. To My Future Wife ..... 12
4. Two Eyes ..... 13
5. O' Miss Kind ..... 14
6. It's Such An Honor To Be ..... 16
7. So Generous Of The Kind! ..... 18
8. My Dear ..... 20
9. Not You, But I Know ..... 21
10. Tangled in Chains ..... 27
11. Duality of Mine ..... 28
12. Rope, Rope, Rope ..... 29
13. Her Longing ..... 31
14. Spoiler ..... 32
15. Note From Poet ..... 33
16. About The Author ..... 34
17. Flowers ..... 36



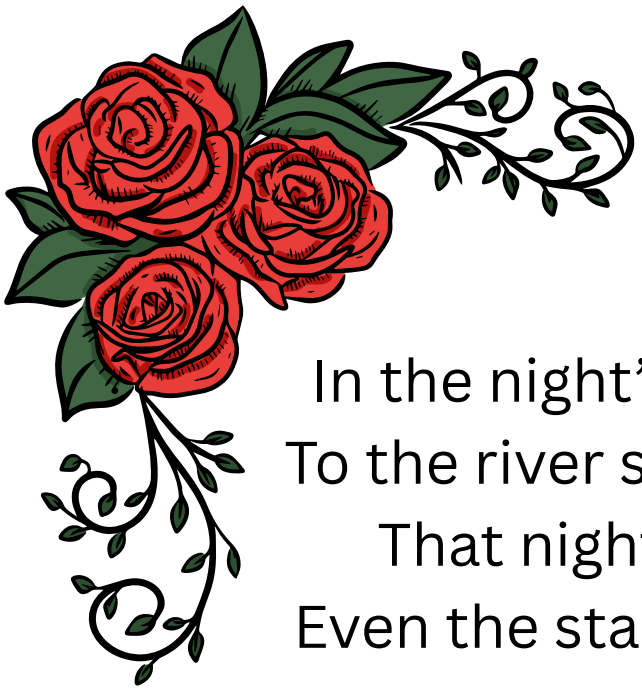
# Love At First Sight

The girl I saw in the park,
Her hair like a silk cloth.
When her feet land on the grass,
I see it all blush hard.

The newspaper in my hand,
She gave it a little glance.
The bench of park's end,
I offered a helping hand.

She gave me a gentle smile,
Her eyes like stars shining bright.
The birds tickled at this sight,
The echoes in air, love at first sight.

# About My Future Wife



In the night’s cold breeze,
To the river she says, freeze.
That night, I had seen
Even the stars kiss her feet.

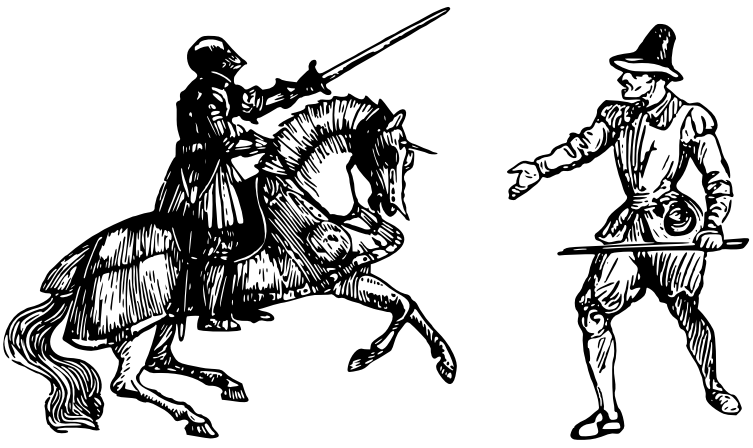
Blossom petals surrounding her,
Dancing in joy with the wind’s might.
Gorgeous, she looks in moonlight,
Even the sky blushes at this sight.

I took peeks from behind the trees,
In her presence, even the owls find peace.
The stress on my nerves was released,
As she smelled like night-blooming jasmine.

# To My Future Wife

You in my dreams scream,
To that scene I weep...
Bare feet from them I run,
Their blood is on my shield.

I hide deep in the dark forest,
Looking for the fruit called chorus.
They gamble on your life,
Looking for Juliet, horses they ride.



# Two Eyes

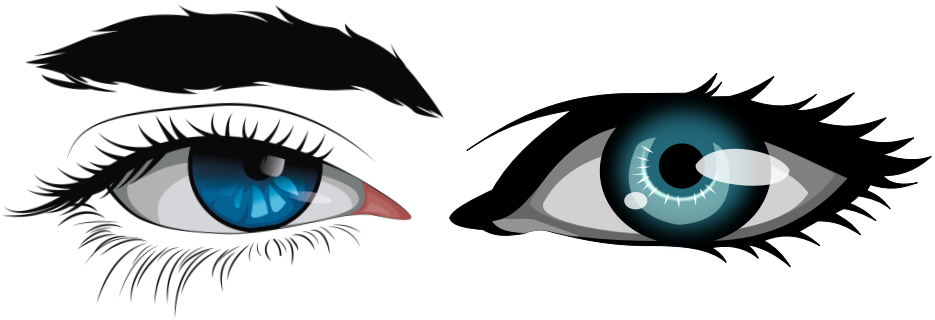
Two eyes yours, two eyes mine
Your beauty, heavens describe.
Swans wait for your evening stroll.
So lucky is your room's wall.

They meet and become four,
As we dance on the ball.
Every step taken on floor,
One, two, three, and four.

Two eyes yours, two eyes mine,
You always run in my mind.
In your presence, I might find,
The secret to become kind.

They meet and become four,
For you, I bring Crimson Rose.
When I gaze, your face glows
To you, I propose, fingers croosed.

Two eyes yours, two eyes mine,
They met and became two.
Two eyes yours, two eyes mine,
I became yours, you became mine.



# O' Miss Kind

Waiting for the joy you bring,
With you, I want to drink
From the waterfall which forests hide,
For a life with you of glory and pride.

The land under my feet crumbles
When you hold my hand with tender.
Even in states where dreams shatter,
I write to you some hopeful letters.

The taste of your lips is rose-like,
Perhaps something spiritual it hides.
To solve this mystery, O’ Miss Kind,
Every day I try, every night I strive.

# It's Such An Honor To Be

This world is full of cruelty,
You are born with such nobility.
In my hidden yard of flowers,
You stroll like royalty.

I have grown flowers of my own
In a garden to which clouds bow.
Both the jasmine and the rose
Fight to become your metaphor.

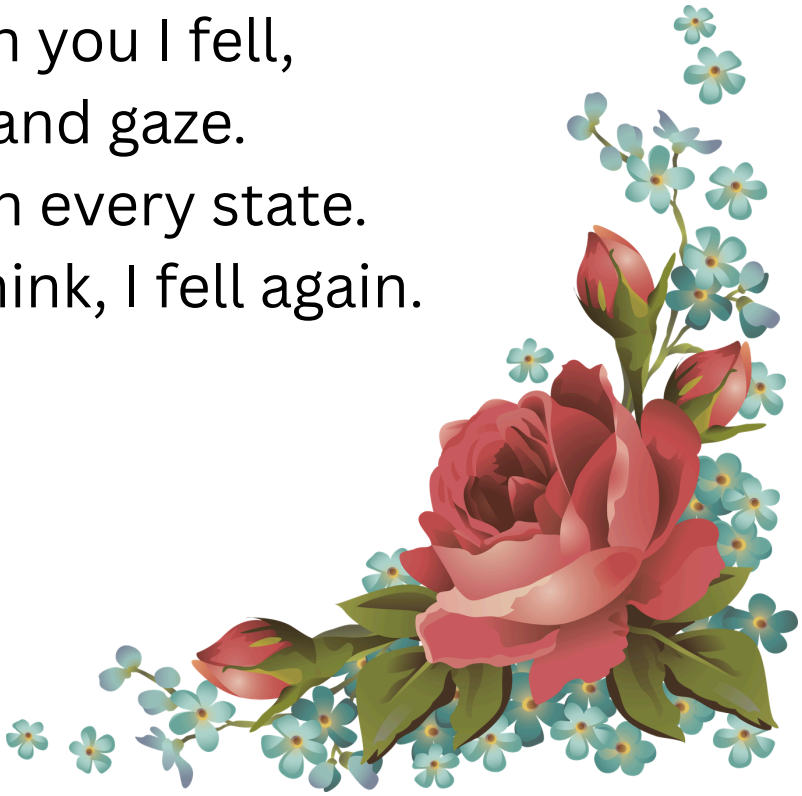
To know how it feels
To see you live in peace,
I traveled miles and miles to see,
Even crossed some deserts and seas.

It’s such a privilege to be
The one you reach in need.
It’s such an honor to be
For whom you say, you breathe.

# So Generous Of The Kind!

Beautiful is the season of fall,
Pleasant is the rare smell
Of the dust raised from rainfall.

Twice in love with you I fell,
Once by beauty and gaze.
Second by you in every state.
Now by soul, I think, I fell again.



You, the princess of all roses,
I, the prince of shameful falls.
For me, you took all the thorns;
For you, I won battles all.

The galaxy that I find
In your profound eye
Makes me thank the One behind,
Uniting us with love
So generous of The Kind!

# My Dear

By you, lively is my house,
The one who comes in dreams,
You are that one spouse.

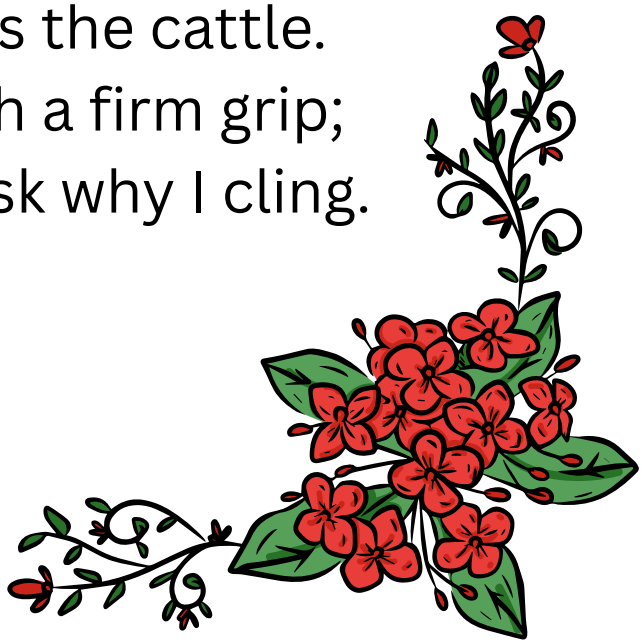
For the flowers, it rains,
The one in dreams I name.
You are that one rose,
You are to me that close.

Twinkling eyes you possess,
To my heart, you have access.
Similar to the ravishing moon,
You bloom, you bloom, you bloom.

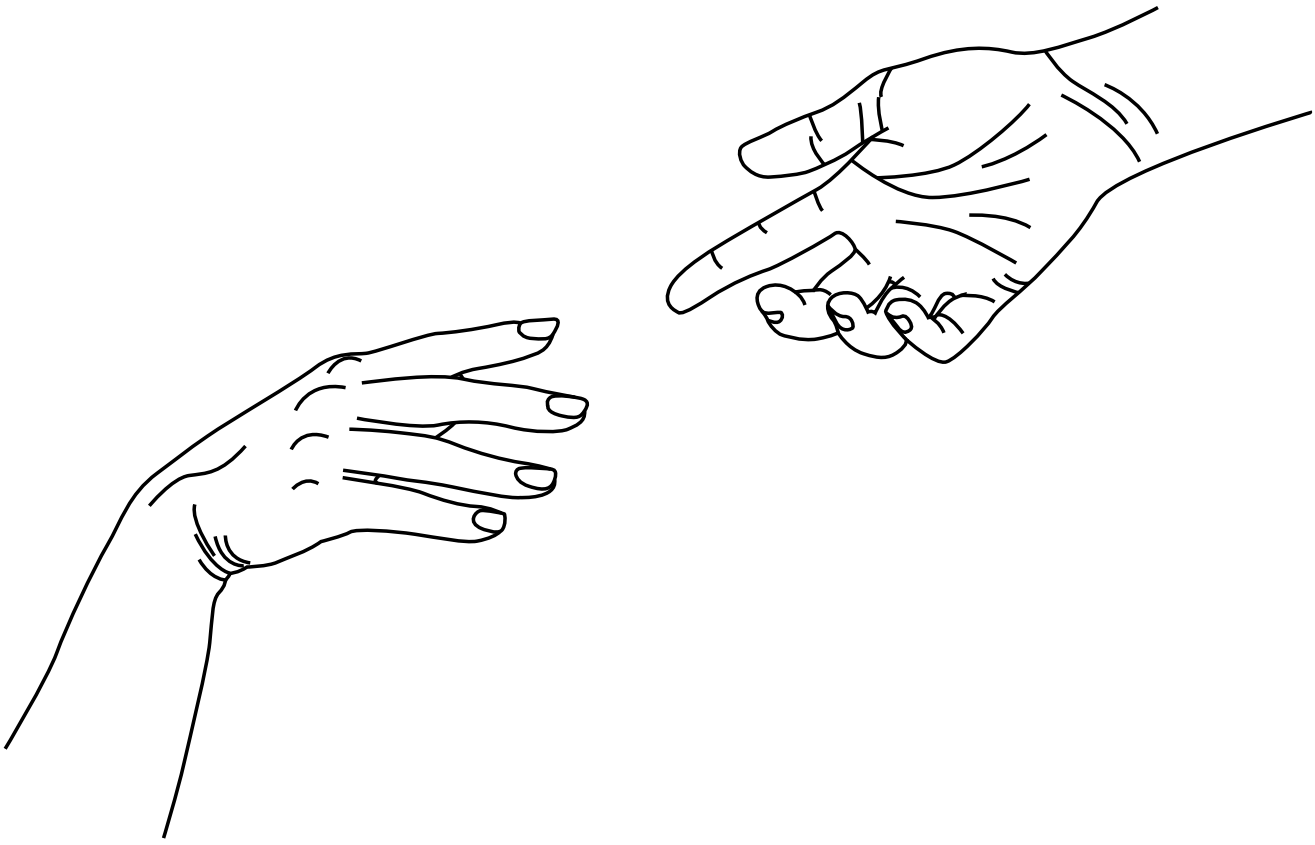
# Not You, But I Know

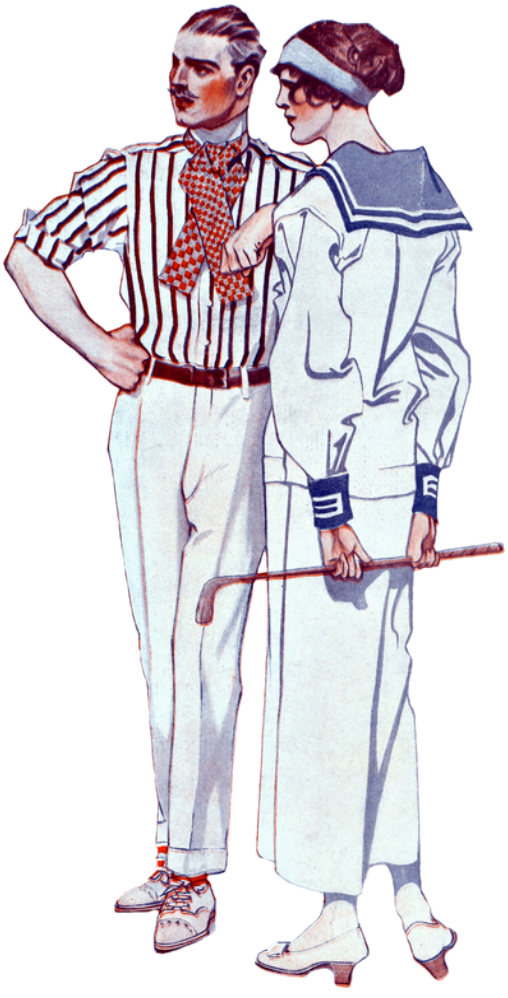
Near the river's bank,
I saw the sun set.
While walking towards the end,
I saw an extended hand.

Softer than the petals,
Innocent as the cattle.
I held it with a firm grip;
She didn’t ask why I cling.



Questions are sometimes horror,
Being heard is an honor.
Dashing in me is a storm
Not you, but I know
Who can make it calm.

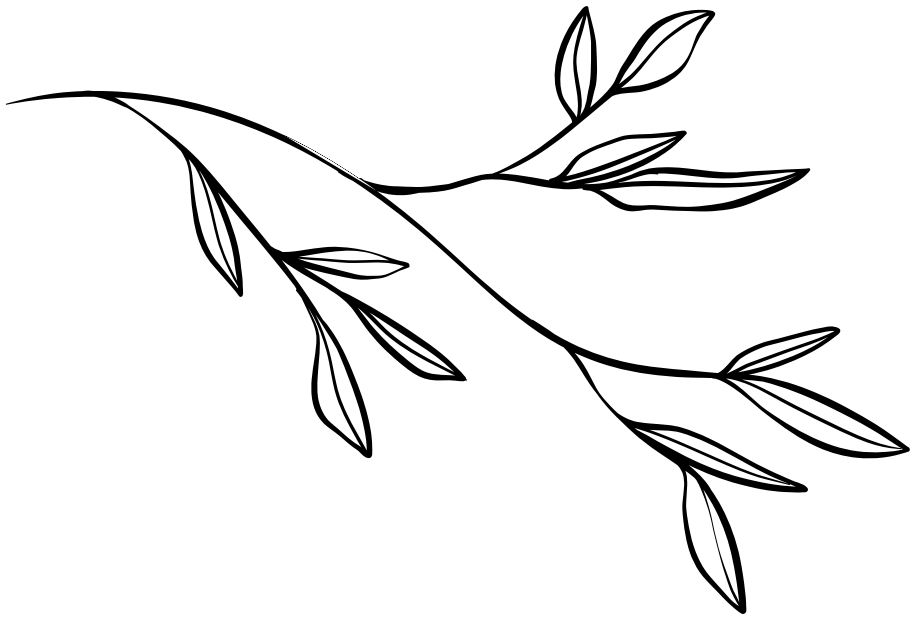




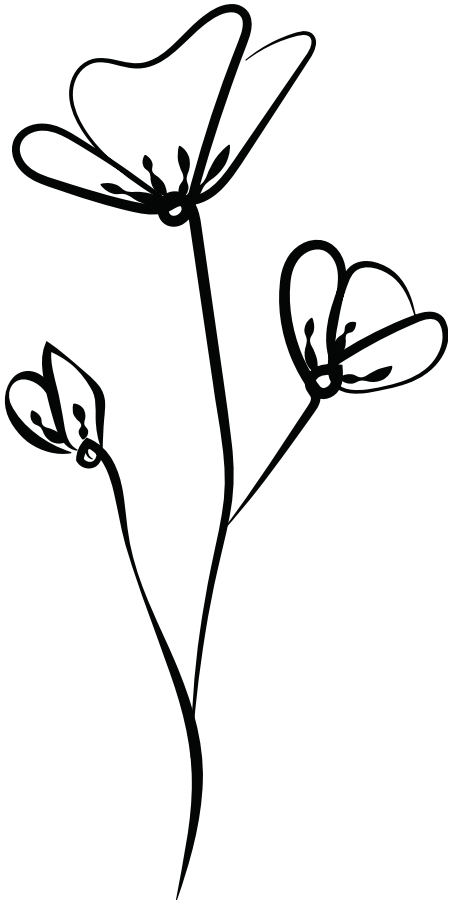
Like the leaves in autumn fall, the people I considered mine all left. My friends, people with whom I drank and ate from the same plate. Only the family members remain.
Family, the one who saves me from worldly pain, sometimes it is the inner pain.
I wonder how could you even consider a man like me? Who every night dies and every day lives

O’ The one destined for me, My love is there, but I suffer here.

There is something inside me you must know if you want to be the one to fight beside me. In me is an unsatisfied storm, dashing, terrifying, silent, haunting, and unknown. You should know what you are going for... the man you look to marry is alive from inside or not?



Because with love comes the pain
between these romantic poems,
You should know about the ones
Which are honest, which are stuff.



# Tangled in Chains

I am a slave to my own mind,
To devilish desire.
Every night they attack,
Every day I repel.

There is a burning fire;
The water is getting higher.
On the throne of God
Is sitting my desire.

Something should be done,
This battle must be won.
But in regret of sins, I burn.

# Duality of Mine

They questioned my pen,
They called me a foolish man.
To strangers, I am nice;
Towards family, I hold a knife.

Duality of mine
Is like a clock striking nine.
Evil dives into the wine
Which I drink with a smile.

Addiction to immoral pleasure
Satisfying it costs me a treasure.
It is the sting of a scorpion in my life;
In God’s refuge, from it I seek to hide.

# Rope, Rope, Rope

Rope, Rope, Rope
In this room of darkness,
I see it as the only hope.
Rope, Rope, Rope

Someone should ask the cause,
Why surrounding him are suicidal thoughts.
O' God, O' God, O' God

Lying is his body on the ground,
Family and friends standing around.
Scenario of his death,
He imagines it all in his bed.

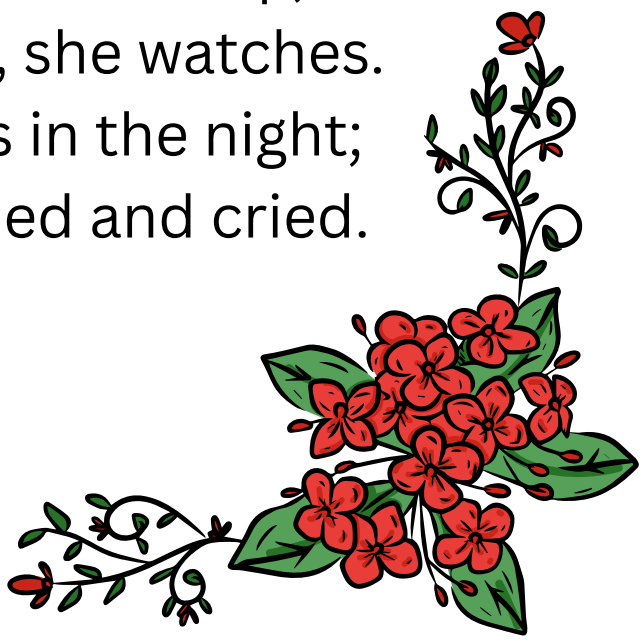
I know about whom I am talking,
I am aware of how he is walking.
To someone mighty, he is reaching.
For the One Great, he is working.
I know about whom I am talking
I am aware of how he is walking.

Maybe death is a freedom's pleasure,
But I have lands yet to conquer.
And nights to weep before sleep.
And nights to weep before sleep.

# Her Longing

In the moon’s light she waits,
Her love for me never fades.
Many men she could love,
Yet I remain her beloved.

Being the desert’s tulip,
Me in the stars, she watches.
Her hair waves in the night;
For me, she cried and cried.



# Spoiler

To be honest, I have written the first five poems of this booklet because my maths lactures where going too boring and I decided to write the other four poems for this booklet. And few are those that weren't meant for this booklet, but I chose to add them in it because I want to make it feel like I am writing for my future wife.

"My hands write, My soul speaks."

# Note From Poet

Aside from the romantic matters,
I believe:

For an ignorant man, a wife is the mother of his children and a way to satisfy his lust.
For an educated man, wife is a responsibility, a duty, someone to take care of, and someone who takes care of you.
But for a wise man, his wife is the other half of him; it is the one by whom he completes himself.

For me, the definition of love is to find your complete self in someone else.

# About the Author

“The only thing I know is that
I know nothing.”

- Socrates

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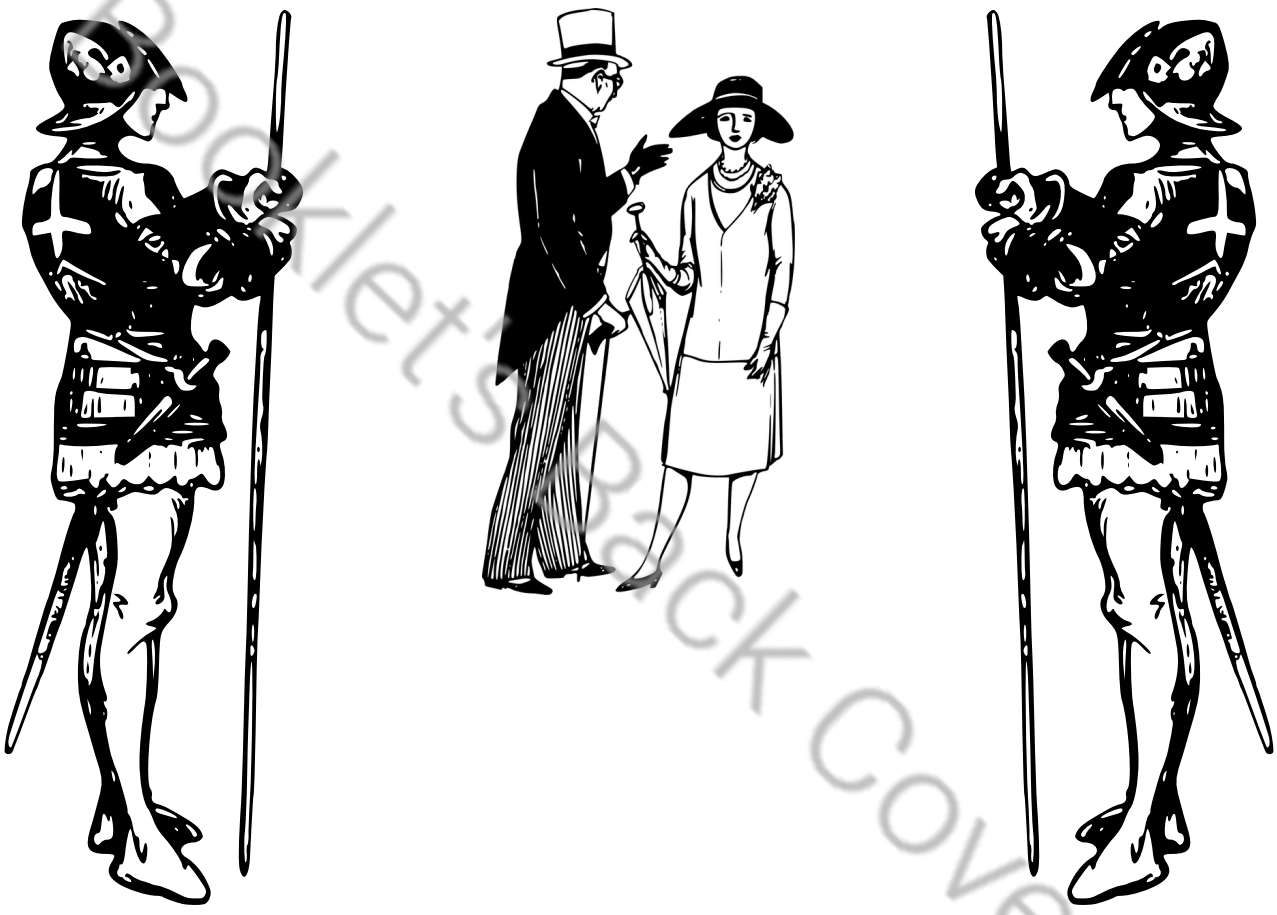
**This booklet doesn’t have any polished or literary great poems. But, ladies and gentlemen, they have souls! The words breathe.**



Booklet's Back Cover

# Will you give it a read?

M.Z. Ahmed